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# **Sparklets**

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By  
**MITTIE VON FINTEL**



# Sparklets

By

Mittie von Hintel



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STEARNS BROS. CO., PRINTERS  
DELTA, COLORADO

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JAN -6 1914

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## Blow, Ye Breezes!

Blow, ye breezes, and waft me  
Some sweet lullaby,  
Fragrant, soft, and balmy,  
Beautiful as the summer sky.

With no haunted memories  
To stir the quiet still;  
Fold upon fold draping  
The purple of the distant hill.

Afar, far in the dim  
That rises where the blue  
Is deepening the rosy rim  
With lofty peaks peering through.

Whispers soft and tender,  
Bidding me e'er forget  
Joys so sweet to remember,  
Too beautiful to regret.

Kiss the rose of dear Summer,  
Filled with fragrance wild,  
Where the soft breezes slumber,  
Murmuring all the while.

Then drift into my chamber,  
When lonely in silence I dream,  
And give me the treasures gathered  
Ere you haste me down the stream.

### Fate

Soul that is caged, that is pinioned by Want,  
Starving for the sweet things Poverty denies,  
Longing for Time's coming vessel with plenty fraught—  
How vainly thy pinioned spirit cries!

Would that I could flee from the hands of Fate,  
Whose cruel jaws have crushed my being to naught;  
Seeking, striving, yet seemingly too late,  
For when I reach the spot all is as nothing I sought.

And yet why must the soul pine and yearn?  
Recompense—no, there is none.  
Life's vain, wild dreams grow cold and turn,  
For Fate the noblest of plans undone.

Brave spirit dethroned, yet you must not fall,  
Though thy plumage bedrabbled, thy beauty torn;  
Onward, higher, in brighter realms installed;  
Fate's mistaken way thou must not mourn.

Yet Want, like rust, eats into the ambitious soul,  
And stabs the will till the heart is faint.  
Fate springs a leak in the brimming bowl,  
And turns the Angel into a Devil's saint.

Life grows sluggish, weary and dull;  
The soul hath lack of all that's good;  
The nerves are unstrung, a perfect lull  
Seem to have taken possession of the braver mood.

Yet I must not slacken the rein that holds  
Life's purpose till there is naught,  
Or wait to gather from treasure-laden bowls  
Only the honey-dews with sweetness fraught.

Onward, upward, O Soul! let thy flight  
Bear thee onward where no stain  
Can curse or brand thee with its blight,  
Or thy nobler purpose put to shame.

Fate, I scorn thy weak attempt;  
Is there not more in thy surging veins,  
Already moulded, determined, bent,  
Than all thy wily strategy claims?

### Bequeathed

I opened my hand to the day,  
For the day was rosy and fair;  
I bid my feet hie away  
To the pastures so green over there;  
And the splendor of the day was so bright  
It trembled like dew on the wing,  
Filling up the gorge of the night  
That fell from the dawn of the morning.  
I smiled out to its beauty so chaste  
While I still held open my hand,  
For all around me was a flowery waste,  
Bequeather from God to man.

### Moments

How fast the moments are slipping away,  
As a leaf borne on the tide;  
Till they've numbered years in their play,  
As they silently onward glide.

Like a sweet drawn breath, and then  
We look far back to the past,  
So eagerly striving to mend  
The little we hold in our grasp.

They're dying, dying; yet, oh, they seem  
So tender, beautiful and blest;  
Wooing the charm of life's true dream  
With the few dear ones that are left.

They're passing, passing; their silent tread  
With the centuries shall go;  
The dear, bright years with them be fled,  
Caught up in the rapid flow.

They're dying, dying; the moments pass  
In the whirl of busy time,  
With many a change on the raffle cast,  
Ever wending on in its sweet-voiced rhyme.

They're going, going, slipping away—  
The gilt-shod moments sweet;  
Oh, use them well while they stay,  
Don't trample them down with ruthless feet.



### Life

What is Life if filled with regret,  
Or the sorrows that chill the breast?  
'Tis better by far that we forget  
And let fond memories rest.

Why go seeking for woe or care,  
Or burden the mind with Fate?  
But open the heart to all that's fair,  
Ere we find we've been too late.

Why not fill up, while we can,  
Life's goblet, brimming o'er,  
Wet with the sparkle of joy's sweet balm,  
Unmindful of the days of yore?

For the river of Time is hurrying on,  
And ever changing our lot,  
While the beautiful dream will soon be gone  
And we enjoyed it not.

Yet as Time doth silently flow,  
I'll bury deep in my breast  
The fondest, fairest hopes, and, lo!  
My heart shall find sweet rest.

Life's empty goblet, full to the brim,  
Shall be as nectar steeped,  
Shutting the daintiest gold flakes in,  
Till I'd forget to weep.

### Gain

What is there gained by sitting down  
With a heart as heavy as lead,  
Till there's deep trenches cut by many a frown  
On the brow, by Sorrow's constant tread?

What is there gained if you have no grit  
To season the hardships of life,  
And nothing to spur you on a bit,  
Nothing to vex or cause you strife?

What is there gained without pain,  
Unraveling Joy's deep glow;  
Clogging the wheels of the busy brain,  
Wresting the current's hurried flow?

What is there gained—what is there left,  
By giving away to grief,  
Or musing over the years bereft,  
Instead of seeking relief?

What is there gained unless you try,  
With all your might and skill,  
Carefully watching lest there slip by  
The chance that moulds the unbending will?

Carefully watching mid storm or shine  
The noiseless hours pass,  
Catching the beautiful, rare, sweet wine,  
Filtering through Life's sparkling glass.

Where is there gain without pain,  
Where is there content or rest?  
Not in Life's parched domain,  
Not in the throbbing human breast.

### I Give You

The things that are rich and fair,  
The things that make life's way  
With no sting of care,  
I cull them for you today.  
I cast them at thy feet,  
I bid them ever smile,  
The things you love to greet,  
So gladsome, joyous and wild.

The things that brightly glow,  
The things that shimmer in light  
Like a soft-breathed tone so low,  
Gladdening life's short-lived night.  
The winds like the breath of the rose,  
Ever brushing lightly your way,  
And ere the sweet dream's closed  
I give you eternal day.

### The Waysides Still

Trudging along by the waysides still,  
Listening to the sighing gale,  
Watching shadows on the faraway hill,  
Listening to the summer's sweet-told tale.

Out on the waysides chill and cold,  
Content to roam without a care,  
'Mid Autumn's ripened hues of gold,  
'Mid its beauties, flushed and fair.

Out by the waysides still, to glean,  
Out by the wayside's dusty road,  
There to learn, there to dream,  
And cast aside Life's heavy load.

Out by the wayside let me go;  
Some wanderer may be there,  
Heartsick and fallen, ah, so low,  
Of all that good they despair.

Out by the wayside waiting long,  
For a word to lift them up;  
A faithful hand, an arm that's strong,  
To dash the poison from their cup.

Out by the wayside, gloomy and chill,  
Many a wanderer doth roam;  
Oh, give them a word; oh, help to fill  
With joy Life's purpling gloam.

There's many a heart that's longing today  
To lay bare the aching breast—  
Some cherished thing they dare not say,  
A story you would ne'er have guessed.

Out by the wayside, dusty and cold,  
Seeking some bosom friend,  
One that's not gripping the hand for gold,  
But one that's true to the end.

Out by the wayside, in shadow and gloom,  
Thickly covered with dust,  
The choicest flowers ope and bloom—  
God's jewels and the just.

### Blow, Sweet Summer Winds

Blow, sweet summer winds, blow,  
Lift the silver threads from off my brow;  
You fondled gold ones in the long ago,  
And you may nestle in the gray ones now.

The cheek once so fair and soft,  
All's withered with the scar of years;  
The pink thy touch freshened so oft,  
Faded by the wash of trickling tears.

Blow, sweet summer winds, the same;  
I would not have thee forget  
How in childhood days you came,  
But murmur your secrets to me yet.

Don't tell me of beauties faded bright,  
Or the dull sear the years have brung,  
But of happy faces and hearts so light,  
The same as you did when I was young.

Tell me, as you're stealing on,  
The message thy murmurs hold,  
Heaping together the days now gone—  
Days of the richest liquid gold.

Blow, sweet summer winds, blow,  
Garlands of summer roses fair;  
Blush the deepest red you know,  
A wreath to be for my silvery hair.

## Move the World Along

(Song)

It's those that hustle with a good will  
That'll move the world along;  
They cheer the downcast and they fill  
The silence with work and song.

They never say what can be done,  
And carelessly pass on by,  
Or boast their strength when the victory's won,  
Or scorn the toiler's hard-heaved sigh.

They do not wait for others to go  
And clear the unbeaten track,  
Or idly stand while others sow—  
Of courage there's ne'er a lack.

It's those that ne'er fear the right  
That sing the gladdest song;  
With willing hand and heart that's light  
They move the world along.

What is strife but a tonic for life,  
That we our part may do?  
It hardens the nerves and gives them an edge  
Till we scramble bravely through.

There's many a slippery, hard old climb  
Before you reach the top;  
Friends may prove false, but never mind—  
Just cling to your courage and pluck.

The social smile so full of cheer  
May prove but a bitter frown,  
And those you deemed of all so dear  
The first to pull you down.

Just steel your heart for a hard old jaunt,  
For you'll surely find it so;  
The more you strive the more they'll taunt,  
For there's many a shark and foe.

Then move the world along, my boy,  
And never be afraid,  
For there was nothing ever won  
By idling in the shade.



### Oh, Bring Dem Slippers Down

Oh, bring dem slippers down ter me,  
'Cause I'se gwine ter dance an' sing,  
An' joy time it'll be,  
For memories glad dey bring.  
I see her smilin', I do,  
'Neath de vines an' flowers fair,  
I hear her warble an' coo,  
De same as when I was dere.

#### Chorus:

Don't bodder me; oh, keep away,  
For de recollections of dat happy day  
I'se glad, an' de memories dey bring;  
Don't bodder me, an' let me sing.

Among de wil' sunflowers, yaller an' tall,  
Dat de breezes bent so low,  
She trilled to de mocker's call,  
Where de gentle southwinds blow.  
When de darkey was so happy an' gay,  
Where de honey-bee used ter hum,  
An' de little pickaninny used ter play  
When de banjo rung chum-chum.

Just bring dem slippers down, I say,  
Dat so many long years sleep in;  
Dey's tucked de good old days away,  
An' I'se gwine wake 'em up ag'in.

De old eyes am faded so,  
But I still look through de lighht  
An' see de darkness come an' go  
When deey sported by de fireside bright.

### If You But Will

Oh, yes, you can if you but will,  
Just reach out a dear, loving hand;  
You can help to boost the lad uphill  
That's struggling hard on his feet to stand.

You can say "Hello!" Now that is right,  
I'm glad to see you come our way,  
And add a little oil to the flickering light  
That his feet from the trail won't stray.

Oh, yes, you can; and can't you know  
How he's battling hard to win?  
You are not so busy but you can go  
And set the rails of the switch for him.

Oh, yes, you can; I've heard before  
"Can't's" harsh, cold, scornful wail,  
And it's the "can'ts" that shut the door  
Instead of setting the switch of the rail.

### Let the World Say What It Will

Let the world say what it will,  
And turn you down for another;  
Unworthies are ofttimes found to fill  
The place of their more likely brother.

You may tread the walks alone;  
You may pass unheeded by;  
There's naught in the burdened groan,  
And few that list to catch a sigh.

The world cheers those in the race—  
Old comrades are forgot  
And pushed aside—there is no place  
If up-to-date you are not.

Few seem to see the real life,  
Few that care just how it goes,  
But scorn at the trampling down of strife,  
Or stoop to soothe you in your woes.

Let the world say what it will,  
Let them choose the great and fair;  
Does it say we're standing still  
Because we're out of the mad rush there?

### Room Is There

See that princely gilded mansion;  
Lo, I go and seek to knock;  
Not by earthly hands fashioned,  
Could my rap its whiteness blot?

Can I enter at the portal?  
Loath I tread its stainless flight;  
But a weary, dusty mortal,  
Asking entrance into light.

Tired of life's dark raging storm,  
And its temptations chill and cold,  
I haste to seek the protecting arm  
Of Jesus and His blood-washed fold.

Just a lonely, friendless exile,  
Long a stranger on life's sea;  
Low I plead, "It is Thy child,"  
And the gates swing wide for me.

Did they hear my humble pleading  
In that sacred temple fair?  
The faint cry of distress unheeding,  
Whispering to me, "Room is there."

### Tell Me, Bright Face

Tell, me, bright face, what is in thy heart,  
That smiles curl the ruby lip?  
Will thou the secret impart  
That the heavy-hearted from the fount may sip?

When you smile the world grows brighter,  
Care goes roving, and the breast,  
Once though filled with pain, is lighter,  
For in that smile I'm soothed to rest.

Oh, the peace it seems to give,  
As I journey long and late,  
Struggling hard to nobly live,  
Asking entrance at Mercy's gate.

Tell me, bright face, in the world to come,  
As I journey, will there be  
One to smile when my work is done,  
And Heaven's gate open for me?

### Tomorrow

We dream of Tomorrow's treasure fair;  
We long for the promised draught,  
Its shining liquids old and rare,  
Rich surprises our every thought.  
The coveted joys, the cup of bliss,  
How we may eagerly sip  
The nectared sweets, like a lover's kiss,  
Yet it never moistens the lip.

We dream of tomorrow, that far-away;  
We dream, and yet we know  
Never yet has dawned that day  
That we cherish and wish for so.  
Her shining dust by the hours blown  
Drifts on as the years speed by  
And few are the coveted treasures owned,  
Few that sip ere the fount is dry.

We dream of tomorrow, we say it's near,  
And the bosom's content at last;  
But wait till that tomorrow's here  
And it's laid away with the past.  
Its shining folds have made the shroud  
That tucked our lives within,  
And the dream of life but a filmy cloud  
That bore us out on its silvery wing.

### The Castle Tonight

How still, how lonely and bleak  
Is the old home, the castle, tonight;  
The winds are sougning, the shadows creep  
Like a phantom on the dim moonlight.

All is emptiness, as if swallowed by space;  
The things once so beautifully fair,  
Like the sweet roses that filled the vase,  
Hath only the perfume left it there.

Yet I list for a soft refrain,  
When only an echo mocks back to me,  
Long past, and perhaps ne'er again  
For joy's glad breath to stir the heart's dead key.

I look out into the night's great deep;  
All is hushed; a pall-like still  
Hath robed the light in shadows bleak,  
And touched the gales with an icy chill.

I hie back to the old fireplace,  
Its crackling coals to embers burnt low,  
And the fire-irons' grinning face  
Grins back at me as in the long ago.

The chairs—ah, the chairs; how many they seem!  
I shove them rudely aside—away,  
Like one just waking from a dream,  
Long dreamt, and as if it were today.

I touch the buffet's embroidered throw,  
The dust falls thick from its rose-bordered edge;  
The glasses where the wine's red, sparkling glow,  
Filled to brimming, is empty instead.

I walk, I turn, I stare into space;  
The banquet hall's long deserted, and the guests  
Missing; none are there to fill the place;  
How silent! How strange I feel! How dead my breast!

As I look through the parted door,  
Rusted on its hinges till it creaks,  
A perfumed kerchief I lift from the floor,  
For it may have touched the blush on my darling's cheek.

How clammy my brow! How ghastly the vision I see!  
Hush! It seeme as if there is one astir.  
I advance to greet thy slender, beautiful form, my Dorothy!  
When all is emptiness; there is no one near.

I look into the mirror to make sure things are so,  
A strange face is gazing into mine;  
Not that lordly, keen visage—ah, no!  
No semblance; for the eyes are bleared with wine.

A child's soft, chubby fingers touch my coat,  
I seem to clasp it to my bosom, and—  
Its little fat arms are wound around my throat,  
While I live the years, the happy years, all o'er again.



It is only home, just home, to me tonight,  
From out of my hands tomorrow all passes out;  
Ruin—ah, bankruptcy—has served me right!  
An outcast, a vagabond, henceforth, and tonight.

Am I to take the place of one of those miserable curs,  
Only human in form, lolling around the low resorts;  
No sweet baby face—no remembrance of hers,  
To awaken my drowsy being by its keen retorts?

Hope long has died; the heart feels no shame;  
Ambition's dreams, too, are dead;  
Ah, Life, so full of promise; yes, once an honored name,  
Now smothered out by the dissolute walks I tread.

That sickening fear, how keen the thrust!  
Till I choke, and my throat—how dry!  
Just one more goblet—I must! I must!  
Ah, the last sou is gone; I am down and broke.

Is my brain reeling? Something hath brushed my cheek,  
Like the sweet breath of some creature dear;  
I hear a laugh, the crowing of a baby; ah, me, am I so weak  
As to hope again that the loved ones of yore are near?

With outstretched hand and lips parched dry,  
He staggered and sank limply upon the floor,  
With face bloodless, one last, bitter sigh,  
And all for him of life was o'er.

### The Fairy Old Man

Did you ever hear of the fairy old man  
That sailed in his new wind boat,  
Then took the stars out in his hand  
To embroider his golden coat,  
That soared and soared up so high  
That his hair took root in the beautiful sky?

Until one day a great wind came  
And shook awful hard and loud;  
The lightning set his boat aflame  
And turned him to a cloud.  
"Ah, then," said he, "this will not do;  
I'll wear a crown made of the blue."

But it was not long till the sun arose  
With its flood of golden light,  
And he tried to gather up the glows  
That made the earth so bright.  
"I'll keep them all," said he, "I will,  
And be a fairy old man still."

"I'll put them all together, too,  
And build another boat;  
I'll make it of the far-off blue,  
And lace it with the stars that float;  
I'll deck my crown just as I please,  
And sail my boat on the windy seas.

So the funny old man is still up there,  
For he never would come back;  
His pathway is the milky way so fair,  
And they call him Fairy Jack;  
He takes the stars to button his coat,  
For he's wise, and full of many a joke.

### Gems

I have often wished that I could let pass by  
The hard things that of me are said,  
And greet mine enemy with a welcome smile,  
And would if I could only forget.

Sweetheart, Let Me Sing the Songs  
I Once Sang

Sweetheart, let me repeat again  
The songs I once to you sang,  
As I catch the wind from thy scented fan.

As you sit in the shadow,  
Fair Luna's light kissing the meadow,  
Tell me the dream I wish to know.

Naides, awake the laughter,  
Like scented breath of roses waft her  
To bless the ever hereafter.

A mystic touch the golden wand!  
How can I sing when you fan?  
I grow forgetful that I can.

I look into those fathomless eyes,  
A world of meaning in them lies,  
A something born that never dies.

Sweetheart, take it as a whole,  
Man would have a living soul,  
Did not love dash to naught his bowl.

Let me sing as once I sang,  
My heart free from every pang:  
Like a wild bird's notes of joy it rang.

As fair Luna's lamp of gold  
Burns an increase for life's bowl,  
We'll sing those melodies sweet and old.

Awake the dream harp of the past,  
Touch but the chords of joy that last,  
Brilliantly glowing as a rainbow's flash.

As the scent of the roses red  
Clings to the folds of the fan you spread,  
Then the crumbled part's no longer dead.

I seem to see youth's rose dawn break;  
Shimmering fancies glow and wake,  
Love of my heart, all for thy sake.

Blessed the dreaming joy so wild;  
I quaff the foaming cup yet awhile,  
As fancy pictures thee in thy beautiful smile.

Did she step in—out and go—  
Like a vision touched by the sunset's glow,  
To feed my soul on remorse and woe?

Ah! I look—has it been a dream?  
No; 'tis the blessed truth, that much I ween,  
In the folds of the fan hid in between.

As I catch the fan's gentle whirr,  
Memory reverts again to her,  
Of all things blest, to me most dear.

How Memory Awakens at the  
Thought of Her

How my soul rekindles at the memory of her  
Who gently crooned me to sleep;  
Beautiful, smiling face of all that's dear,  
Yet with that memory I weep.  
Gladdest of joys, and yet the deepest of pangs  
Sting the sweetness of those bright days,  
Low vibrant chords of lullabies sung;  
Mother, how thy voice ever with me stays!

I look into thy face as but yesterday,  
When thy loving arms welcomed my tottering feet,  
Catching the baby words I'd lisping say,  
Kissing the rose flush on my tender cheek;  
Lightly brushing the fair curls that fell  
Like a halo of sunlight on my brow;  
Sweet the memories that with me dwell,  
Soothing the bosom and its heartaches now.

How thy voice cheered when my heart sank low,  
How I trusted without a fear,  
And friends I loved proved false, a foe;  
Firm to the last, I knew you were;  
Weak and worn, by sorrow spent,  
Tired of Life's uncertain road,  
Sure of solace, to thee I went  
To cut the thongs that bound Life's load.

### Accomplish

What does the word accomplish imply?

The putting forth of the best in one's self;  
 On one's good qualities and fitness to rely,  
 The condensation of honor above self;  
 The calling together of man's higher impulse;  
 To see and reach the summit's uttermost top,  
 not to be foiled or nonplussed,  
 Or a brow-beaten sickling, ready to stop.

It's the indefatigable, stronger man,  
 Summoning up that better nature,  
 Ruling out the weaker self, that the firmer stand;  
 Shining out a part from that primitive creature,  
 The rubbing up and polishing of that shell,  
 That the soul may look through its house of clay  
 And be content with its second self to dwell—  
 Not stung by contempt till it shrinks away.

To accomplish is to make higher and better,  
 To prune up the heart and brain by removing  
 The useless growth like thongs that fetter,  
 A general working over, a thorough improving;  
 A renovating of oneself, blotting out the fault  
 That impedes or blackens, or 'twould make us weak;  
 A transplanting, exchanging, that stupid dolt  
 For that bright, sagacious being that can do and think.

To open up the soul's closed windows that light  
 May arouse that inertia so like death,  
 And that morbid world, a globe translucently bright,  
 From that dark chaos blowing a sweet perfumed breath.

'Tis the living nearer that great and eternal throne,  
Whence time hath ceased to excuse our tardy day,  
When the account handed in is justly our own,  
Living above the shadows foul and gray.

When accomplished, how ready we are to descry  
The breaches and snares so coyly for us set;  
That fine susceptible touch warns us to lie,  
That we escape the dangers, keeping clear of the net.  
Even the glance is not lost or covered,  
While the inflections of the voice we quickly weigh,  
Yet beneath the robe of kindness, so deftly smothered,  
Like sunny little adders the game they tried to play.

How quickly we know an untutored blot,  
How different a pretence to a natural fault.  
And yet keep cool now, did you not?—  
Pretending not to notice and hide what you tho't,  
Anything, so as to have no unpleasantness in the way;  
And yet from the soul you knew what was meant:  
Accomplished, that with such buffoons you play  
Your role of suave, careless don't care, content.

What a bleak, tangled wilderness you may pass through;  
What an overturned cup yours may be—  
With scentless flowers, deprived of the dew,  
Where no soft velvet openings seem inviting thee.  
You gathered the roses for other lives 'twere dead,  
And touched the viol's chords that they might awake  
To listen to the sweet melody's vibrating tread,  
Stirred to its softest touches for their dear sake.



### How I Borrow

Though life has its sorrow,  
I'll find time to smile,  
And if I have to borrow,  
'Twill be from Joy's pile.

And if I heave a sigh,  
'Twon't shock you with its moan;  
Though you may ask me why  
I sipped of joys blown.

Sadness is a dross,  
The stagnation of our life,  
A whim that becomes a cross,  
A petted breeder of strife.

And so if I don't like  
The way things are trying to go,  
I'm out on a strike,  
Overhauling the cause, you know.

Setting things right, you see,  
How easy it is to smile;  
I tell you, no worry for me,  
For I borrow from Joy's pile.

### Dry the Tears

Dry that scalding tear;  
Life isn't long;  
Push back the shadows drear,  
And let thy lips part with song.

Look only upon the light,  
Let Love but feed thy soul,  
And there will be no night—  
The clouds but realms of gold.

Let thy heart forever feast  
On the things justly fair;  
Then unblighted peace  
Will be a constant wooer there.

Turn aside from woe; never mind  
How many the troubles arise;  
Heed not the voice that's unkind,  
Contented to let today suffice.

At best, life isn't long;  
One by one the changes come;  
The brightest, gladdest life's soon gone,  
No more to rise our morning's sun.

Things sweet and beautiful may  
Open up to cheer the hours;  
Life's journey is but a day,  
To fade like the wayside flowers.

Dry the tears and still the sigh,  
Life, beautiful life, thou art not long!  
Haste to make glad e'er you die,  
Life's sweet day with Joy's glad song.

### Just Yesterday

I heard you say just yesterday  
The things that you were going to do;  
"How splendid!" I said; "will you come my way  
And tell me if your plans went through?"  
For like great castled walls,  
Where the sunshine glints its spire,  
Were the pictured fancy balls  
To be unwound by sweet desire.

I looked each day to see if I  
Could behold thy art so grand,  
From the rim of the earth up to the sky—  
No trace could I see of thy skilled hand;  
There lay before me but a fog, a mist,  
That stretched far out o'er the glassy sea.  
A deep, gorgeous, tangled tryst,  
And I wondered again where you could be.

Then I thought thy stroke perhaps was too fine  
For my dim eyes to try to behold,  
And I went on higher, till I reached the sublime,  
Where the mists had parted, and purple and gold  
Shot out its light like one vast ray,  
Beautiful beaker, filling with its richness a cup  
For the man that had started his efforts today.  
Here's a toast to him. Come, be social and sup.

### Would

Would that I could but go  
Life's stilly dells to roam,  
And fling sunshine instead of woe  
O'er shadowy patches, like a frosted foam.

Would that I could but hear  
The songs of bygone days,  
And the lips so glad and dear  
Sing to me as in those sweet days.

Would that Time's mellow harp  
Waft those sweet chords again,  
And wake, as of yore, the dead heart  
To life as the zephyr's blowing fan.

Would that the things once so fair  
Would ne'er prove an empty dream;  
Would that life had no care,  
But things sweet and glad as they seem.

Would that no bitter blight  
Could touch the wine of Joy's urn,  
And life had no starless night,  
Or one empty bosom left to yearn.

Would that life could but stay,  
Not seeming, but truly wild;  
One long, long, happy day,  
As for me it did when but a child.

Did You Say the World Was  
Not Lonely?

Did you say the world was not lovely,  
That it was chill and cold,  
That its soft-vieing beauty had faded,  
So perfect, so pure to behold?  
That life had nothing to treasure,  
'Twas empty, cheerless and still,  
And the lovely fretwork of its brightness  
Was ravished by greed's hard will?

Did you say the bands had rusted  
And severed love's deep tie,  
That the war of discontent was raging,  
Like the elements of a lurid sky?  
That the slime of a morbid excuse,  
In its stealthy, creeping shame,  
Hath poisoned the sweetness of conscience  
For the sake of a lordly name?

Did you say that the world was losing,  
That peace, in its beautiful light,  
Was smothered out by the fumes of distress  
And its noontide turned to night?  
That the fiery tongue of greed  
Was lapping the draught in the bowl,  
That the toiler was wrestling wearily  
For the freedom of his shackled soul?

Did you say that the world is not lovely,  
That a crevice like a mighty seam  
Had drained the river of mercy  
And blotted fair freedom's dream?  
And the spirit that soared like an eagle,  
The emblem of our native land,  
Must be trampled like the hated adder,  
For such is the work of man.

Is there not One above us  
Who holds the law of right,  
The magnet of Truth and Wisdom,  
The usher of eternal light?  
Whose eye is ever watching  
That justice will yet come,  
Who smileth as He doth command,  
Thy will, O Lord, be done.

### Facts

If you have a task to do, why, do it,  
And not sit and grumble,  
Or say how you rue it,  
Because you chanced to stumble  
And things went awry,  
Did not come as you like—  
Don't just gape and sigh,  
But be up and hit the pike.

Yes, the old lane is dusty  
And makes you sweat a bit,  
And you're tired and thirsty,  
You're eyes filled with grit;  
Don't make the burden fall,  
Or your conscience put to ease;  
A fellow may have his gall,  
But he can't get along on these.

Well, it doesn't make any odds  
If I had the gold or not;  
I tramp and curse the gods  
While they enjoy the pot.  
You swear it wasn't fair,  
And all such foolish stuff,  
As you walk and pant for air—  
Now I'm giving you no guff.



There's may a cuss on the road  
You're never alone on the beat;  
Some well-schooled, as one would see,  
And plenty of tenderfeet.  
They are racking their brains most hard  
As they plow along each day;  
They hail me as pard,  
And ask if I'm going that way.

As we file along the road  
The dirt flies as thick as chaff;  
None are in the spirit to goad  
Or give the others the laugh.  
They told how they were fleeced,  
And swore they'd see the day  
They'd eat their chuck in peace  
And oust the lords in sway.

They filled the empty vault  
And paid their kingly rent,  
And the white-collared gents ne'er gave a thought  
Or cared a darn where they went.  
They raked in all their chips,  
Had fellows to pull them in;  
They shook their hands, gave friendly tips,  
And praised them time and again.

Go on, old boy; you'll hit it yet;  
Then pat him hard on the back;  
With eyes dilated and hard set,  
For fear you'd fly the track.

When you step out there's another lad  
With brow so innocent, white;  
They're fishing for him, and, begad!  
They'll do him up just right.

They stand behind the counter;  
They're in the business mart,  
No odds which way you saunter,  
There waits the keen-eyed shark;  
And if you haven't got the dough  
You may as well drop out;  
They redden, they're ashamed to know  
Their once staunch friend's about.

You are too seedy looking,  
A skinflint you are termed;  
The smart set's your name not booking,  
So you are openly spurned.  
Keep on the beat; someone must work  
To keep the swells in trim.  
I'd hear them swear such awful oaths:  
"I'll never do it again."

There's monarchs on the beat as well,  
Fleet-footed and sharp-shod,  
Begrimed with dust, yet they fell.  
Life's stormy path they trod.  
They find the friendly hand withdrawn,  
The lips that cheered are mute;  
They have no word, you may pass on,  
As the commonest galoot.

Please stand aside, the breathing's hard,  
A choking's in the throat;  
Parched lips mumble out "Pard,"  
Some still beautiful, some a whisky bloat.  
The demon of despair  
Darkens many an eager face,  
Once anxious, loved and fair,  
Long burdened by disgrace.

At last content they step aside,  
Making room for the eager throng,  
Not daring to recall how hard they tried,  
But striving to forget some bitter wrong;  
Trying hard to turn the worn-out gaze  
On life's unsullied part,  
Shutting out the false for the days  
When heart was true to heart.

### I've Trod Life's Burning Sand

I've trod life's burning sand,  
    Aweary and alone,  
        And watched some vessel strand  
            On a miragelike sand dune.

I've seen the shadows fade,  
    And sunlight shine instead,  
        The sear, dry waste a blooming glade.  
            And live again, the heart 'twas dead.

And the icy look of scorn  
    Freeze on that beautiful face,  
        And ere the opening of another morn  
            'Twas clouded by disgrace.

And the silent watcher,  
    With no redeeming good,  
        Ruled out and cast down,  
            Was where that worthy stood.

And the stately, costly mansion,  
    Where peace was supposed to reign,  
        But a bedlam of vice and passion,  
            With bartered souls charred by gain.

And the heart 'twas hard as stone,  
    Melt at an infant's cry,  
        Yet the blessed name of Him disown  
            And all the powers of God defy.

### I Still Remember

Kind, sweet friend, I still remember  
The benevolent things you've done,  
The outstretched, willing, open hand;  
I haven't forgot you; no, not one.

Amid life's cares thy dear, bright face  
Looks gently into mine;  
Cheering life's desolate, barren waste,  
As I drift out with the flow of time.

I heed not the sordid things,  
'Twould chill or cause regret,  
But lift from Memory's laden wings  
The jewels so brightly set.

With life's soothing chords of music low,  
Again thy words come floating in,  
More soft and sweet as the years go,  
Blessing the days that once had been.

Kind, sweet soul, where'er you roam,  
In some sad life you drop a gem;  
The thorn opes up to a rose full blown,  
And the sullen heart shall call you friend.

### **She Sleeps Where the Hawthorn Blooms**

Where the hawthorn's snowy plume  
Spills its fragrance on the gale,  
And the blushing roses bloom,  
The wild bird wakes with song the dell.

In the moonlit shadows deep,  
Where the murmuring breezes stir,  
There an angel was laid to sleep,  
And that angel was my mother.

On the downy blossoms fair,  
Softly the clinging dew drops smile,  
As memory bears me backward there,  
The song birds trill out, sweet and wild.

And as the breezes are borne to me  
A low, green mound comes into view,  
A voice full of sweetest melody  
Brings back the image, mother, of you.

Where nature's fairest flowers bloom  
And the creeping rose vines twine,  
With the gentle winds of sweet perfume,  
Asleep forever dear mother's lying.

How the gushing, hot tears flow,  
How the dreams of childhood return,  
And the tender days of long ago  
Like molten sparks in the heart doth burn.

I feel the touch of a loving hand,  
I see the circle of the dear old home,  
Ere time had broken the household band  
Or discontented sought they to roam.

I kneel beside the silent tomb,  
I list to the breeze's heavy sighs,  
Where the white hawthorn's snowy bloom  
Wafts its sweetness where mother lies.

### Moving On

It's those that keep moving on  
The prize is waiting for,  
Unmindful of the jostling throng,  
Or who the contestants are.

If you have no settled aim  
In view, whither will you land?  
With force of will you can attain  
The craggy steep or summit grand.

Concentrate the strength of self and see  
If holding on don't bring the luck,  
And grip your hold tight as can be,  
You'll find there's much depends on pluck.

It's what we have to struggle for  
That is of worth to anyone;  
If you have the courage, nothing can bar  
You out from doing what others have done.

With a cheery heart and eager feet  
Life's burden is lightly borne,  
And the pathway's tangled, uncanny deep  
Is a flowery mead without a thorn.



"Tis the dread of doing we sometimes find  
That makes the cankered pain,  
For some are content to lag behind  
Ere they'd strive one point to gain.

Who of us that possesses pride  
Would shirk the duties owed to self,  
Or life's mistakes attempt to hide  
Beneath the label of inherited pride?

It's the steady, earnest, faithful worker  
With will and nerve we daily seek,  
Not the timid, not the shirker,  
Not the grumbler, not the weak.

### Don't Be Led

Don't be led around by the nose,  
Or wait for others to do your thinking;  
Don't do just as others propose,  
For there may be dregs in the draught you're drinking.

The fair hand that holds the cup ofttime  
Is weak from the slime of an evil deed,  
Hid in the sparkle of the flashing wine,  
That an honest soul dare not heed.

Don't believe that the tempter's snare  
Is only a trap for others set;  
Guard thy feet, of the pit beware;  
Linger not, ere you forget.

'Tis not the friend in life we dread,  
But the enemy; how cautious we are;  
It is wise we look before we tread  
On the velvety cushions fair.

'Tis those we trust that give us away,  
Not those we daily shun;  
With those we'd curb the words we say,  
The shoulder cold to them we'd turn.

Don't try to be more than what you are,  
For sounding bells oft dive deep  
The pearl to find, rusty or fair;  
There's a difference between bitter and sweet.

Don't turn up your nose at frivolous things,  
Or think yourself far better than others;  
A plain, neat garb is richer than silk  
When you have no trust or debtors.

### I Wouldn't Give a Snap

I wouldn't give a snap for any darned chap  
Wealthy or poor, it's the same,  
They're all alike, green or ripe,  
They're only seeking fame.

If a girl is fair, they don't care  
For beauty or grace, they say;  
It's all for show, and that we know  
Is the style of the day.

They'll put on good clothes and make a few shows,  
And people will think they're some;  
But wait a while, till the grog doth "bile,"  
And I'll tell you then it's fun.

On the sly they take a little rye,  
And flip a few cards between;  
The other dirt—oh, no, it don't hurt,  
For they think it isn't seen.

All you girls with sunny curls,  
Be careful what you do,  
Else you get in a scrap with some slick chap  
And your life begin to rue.

Life's never smooth as we would choose,  
It has its clouds and showers;  
Be careful the bright side you don't lose,  
For weeping and bitter hours.

There's many a way, I dare say,  
To lead you into this;  
They'll drink their toasts and compliments pay  
And promise a life of bliss.

But, ah, dear girl, life's but a mad whirl,  
It's full of care and woe;  
It gleams and glows like a candle twirled  
To lead you on, you know.

### It's Time He Was Coming

Oh, yes, it's time he was coming,  
The shadows are heavy and still;  
The moonlight in dimples is playing  
On the far-away, vine-clad hill.  
The liquid winds are blowing,  
The nightingale's awake,  
The moon her beams is sowing,  
As I, waiting, lean on the gate.

The shadows of evening lie dreaming,  
Sweet memories stir again,  
Like a netting of gold light streaming,  
Frosting the faraway land;  
Like a mist of fairest splendor,  
Weaving its mesh of gold,  
Where the ether dips down so tender,  
And lights the twilight scroll.

The shadows are restless and broken,  
The nightingale's full of song,  
The frogs in the meadows are croaking,  
The wind drifts playfully on.  
At the gate there comes a clicking,  
And hurrying footsteps, too;  
My heart, it seems to be sinking,  
For, love, it must be you.

### Oh, Years!

Oh years, as you onward fly,  
Whither art thou borne?  
Deeply hidden in thy bosom lie  
Joys bright and sweet peace-shorn.

Who can read the stories you must hold,  
Who can penetrate thy mist?  
Gay hearts will break, young heart grow old,  
Trying to unravel thy tangled trist.

Beautiful faces will fade, and the brow  
That was fair as a vision of light  
Wither at thy touch that now  
Mocks thee in thy hurried flight.

Oh years, who can tell, who shall know  
The secrets hidden in thy deep?  
Who can stand and gaze upon the fold as you unroll  
Joys and sorrows, and not weep?

Is there one bosom that hath not felt  
The bitter pangs of woe,  
That memories awaken again only to melt,  
Filling up the tide of the past's dead flow?

Is there one heart, oh, would you tell,  
That is free from longing or regret,  
That does not throb, that does not swell,  
And has no anguish to forget?

Is there no cherished, loving dream  
Left to haunt the years now sped,  
To swell the music of thy stream,  
Oh, bygone years that we call dead?



### The Sick Doll

I haven't felt very well today,  
For I've been troubled, you see;  
Dolly is sick and couldn't play,  
She's as sick as she can be.

I'm terribly afraid it is the gout;  
Plumduff, pickles, and, oh,  
The awful lot of sauerkraut  
She ate, besides that cake, you know.

And then I gave her for dessert  
Ice cream and a little pie;  
I didn't know 'twould really hurt  
Or make her sick enough to die.

Here, dolly, you must take this pill,  
And a little quinine, too;  
A spoonful of castor oil,  
I reckon that will do.

And then I'll give you a good sweat  
In the Turkish bath, you see;  
Some fever drops, and a little sugar,  
If you're as good as you can be.

The doctor says, dolly dear,  
That when they plant me or you  
We'll never come up again down here—  
Oh, I'm so anxious to have you pull through!

You silly child, don't you cry so;  
Don't you know I'd dig you up?  
I reckon I would, just too quick,  
For you're all the world to me.

### Life's Treasure

What shall I gather up in life's short span,  
Grief, bitterness and tears,  
The spoil the shatterer of joys so bland,  
To blight life's would-be perfect years?

Shall I see naught but woe and pain,  
And let the heavy shadows fall,  
Like leaden lumps, to block life's train,  
Darkening the soul with its grewsome pall?

Shall I treasure up the harmful things  
That pride and envy learn,  
Sanction the sarcastic stings  
So deep into the heart cells burn.

Shall I forget the loyal soul,  
For baser ones instead,  
Looking only for rank or gold,  
No odds how low the walk they tread?

Must my heart as stone ever be,  
A selfish, unloving one,  
The deserving uncared for by me,  
For the sake of a higher position won?

Must I treasure up such folly in store,  
Or heed the forced smiles that aggravate,

Let my barque drift on alone to the shore,  
By such spoil freighted to its anchor gate.

Must I not see life's truths aright,  
Joining in the hard-fought struggle,  
Helping the wanderer to see the light,  
Long stranded on the shoal of trouble?

### Did You Ever Speak Unkindly ?

Did you ever speak unkindly to one,  
When the words like an echo came back,  
Or frown in anger, and when it was done  
There seemed a void, for life a lack,  
And you wished that you could but recall  
The words so harsh thy lips let fall?

Or let a glance so cold with scorn  
Chill some tender, loving gaze,  
To prick thy heart like a poison thorn,  
When recalling to memory other days,  
Some weary soul, weighted down with care,  
Leave to sink and perish there?

When mists shut out and shadow the sky,  
Till it's no longer fair,,  
And the hopeless soul doth bitterly sigh,  
Weighted down by bitter despair,  
Oh, can't there be warm words instead,  
Like patches of gold o'er the shadows spread?

Then why do we speak unkindly  
Of others—I wish I knew—  
Instead of good and friendly,  
As we would have them do?  
Why not let memory, dear and sweet,  
Be filled with the real instead of the cheat?

Do we gain by acts so coldly,  
Or feel better after it's done,  
And put on a front more boldly  
Before them to everyone?  
Oh, can't there be a cheerful side,  
Without such drift upon its tide?

Can't there be for us in life  
Sunshine in its golden light,  
Instead of woe, worry and strife,  
Instead of gloom, instead of night,  
Instead of driving loved ones away,  
Oh, bring them back; oh, bid them stay.

The smile is better by far than tears,  
The laugh is sweeter than sobs,  
And softer the tread of happy years  
Than those that, grating, clog;  
Then as the last low echo comes stealing back,  
Let it whisper, "Well done; there's nothing alack."

### Santa Claus

Ha! ha! I hear old Santa coming,  
I think it's high time, too,  
For him to be showing up this way,  
With a handsome deer and a jingling sleigh;  
For I get so tired when I wait a year  
For all the nice things he must bring,  
And wish that he would hurry here—  
There, I heard the door bell ring.

I guess he's coming in for sure,  
Just look on the chimney top.  
I'd think he'd get so very dizzy  
He'd topple and have to drop.  
But they say his shoes are made of wax  
And stick most awful tight,  
For he's very fond of climbing  
Down the chimneys at night.

While his great big arms are running o'er  
With dollies and pretty toys,  
Skates and hoods, and funny books  
For girls and busy boys,  
And always sees what we need most;  
I'm sure he'll come this way,  
For he never aims to slight a child  
Upon a Christmas day.

He looks into the corners  
Long after the lights are out,  
For the flabby little stockings,  
That he may fill them out;  
And then we hear a great big laugh,  
For we know he has been there,  
The stocking is running over  
And spilling out on the chair.



### Only a While

Oh, how sad when friends must part,  
The tear then falling but speaks of the heart,  
While the rainbow of hope invites with a smile,  
And whispers in love, "Only a while."

Only for a while our sorrows can be,  
Each hour passeth by, the years must flee;  
Each day brings a tear, a sigh or a smile,  
Yet hope softly whispers, "It's only a while."

Only a while; but it may seem long  
Ere we join in praise with seraphic song,  
Approached by our Judge and met with a smile.  
Press forward, brave soldier, it's only a while.

It's only a while we fight here below,  
Hope points out the way and gives us to know;  
Be ready, take aim and stand in file,  
Be true to the cross, for it's only a while.

The bugle will sound its last reveille,  
The soldier come home to the great jubilee,  
And friend meet friend with a loving smile,  
And the King meet those who fought for a while.

## If

Oh, give me life without its strife,  
And no sweetness is there,  
For toil, with its shadows bleak and rife,  
Only makes the background fair.

If every wish, every longing came,  
Without one hope of the heart,  
And nothing but joy, not a single pain,  
Our bosom would never start.

If our eyes could look forever away  
On an expanse of blue and gold,  
And no cloud in the far distance lay,  
The scene would be like a story old.

If we never knew a single chill,  
And life was always the same,  
Nothing to worry or keep down the will,  
Could we tell when a joy came?

If there was nothing the courage to test,  
Not a trial to overcome,  
When would we know we'd done our best,  
Or who the race had won?

If the morrow no changes brought,  
Nothing new or fair,  
Would we ever stop to give it a thought?  
I'm sure we wouldn't care.

Or if our days were shimmering in light,  
No odds how grand the scene,  
We'd like to have a little night  
In order to perfect the dream.

If we could only life's flowers arrange  
In a wreath lovely and fair,  
Tomorrow you'd find it slightly changed,  
Perhaps one missing there.

Oh, could we not have the strife  
To sweeten the joys and tears,  
Could we really call it life,  
These beautiful, transient years?

### A Bit of Truth

Yes, you, dear, may sup of my cup  
If you are willing for me to share  
Yours in return; but me not spurn  
When I go to you, if you are but square.

I'll give you flow'rs wet with the dew  
Of the fair springtide, and outstretched wide  
Of the good things of the heart, not stale and cold;  
But you yours from me cannot withhold.

If your hand isn't free, do you expect mine to be,  
Or what do you think I am—  
Just a generous loon, a worm-eaten mushroom,  
For you my hospitality to share? Then give me a slam.

If for you I should do these things good,  
The world says you'd meet me out on the way  
With a smile on the lip, then give me the slip,  
Take all I had—and for gratis I could pay.

Yes, dear, to you I say, you can come my way  
If you are honest and the right to me bring;  
But if you aren't just so you can't come; nay,  
I'm not caring for you or your sting.

It's but a bit of truth, and, O World! forsooth,  
May you take this lesson home:  
The sweet-laden honeybee is for self and not thee;  
They rob life's hive, then sting you out, a drone.

### Things Awry

When everything goes awry,  
And hope, like fairies, only comes to die,  
The happy laugh a hollow sigh,  
You ask yourself the cause, and why.

When things take a downward turn  
And upset life's brimming urn,  
You're out of patience till you spurn  
The taper of hope that's left to burn.

All that you found strength to do  
Completely failed, and you rue  
The life 'twas measured out to you,  
So bleak thy sky no ray stole through.

Brave and ever unwilling to stop,  
You steel yourself for the fates that plot;  
If jagged the way you care not,  
You sigh and say, "I guess it's my lot."

You've only ventured on the wrong road  
And pulled the string that tightened the load,  
And will find it a steady lug up hill  
Till in the place 'twas meant you should fill.

We can't all sit on the gilded throne,  
On life's weary plane you're not alone;  
The world lists not to your anguished moan,  
For it hath enough shipwrecks of its own.

It's looking for better things than this,  
For the one that's brave, e'en though they missed,  
Freeing himself from the tangled tryst,  
Leaving defeat behind the shadows and mist.

They look for the smile, the gladsome one  
Whose work was honorably and justly done,  
Like bolts of light, bright as the sun,  
Haloing thy steps, the victorious one.

Yet many things upset life's full pail,  
But you'll never replace the draught to sit and bewail.  
Or bother other folks with the worldwide tale,  
For they, too, have a leak in the boat they sail.

And, like you, they must be sure to make time.  
How can they loaf If they win, they can't stay behind.  
Ah the lamp that burns is not for the blind,  
The gem lies deep for the diver to find.

Just be willing, see that you clear your own way,  
Don't wait to be pried loose, but start with the day;  
The world's not looking for failures, they say,  
But the one that has the power of the double X-ray.

He's the fellow they boost to the topmost round,  
He's the fellow that starts the world with a bound;  
It's the waiting, it's perseverance thy efforts will crown  
And lift you up though you've long been down.

### The Farm

My heart grows hungry for the dear old charm  
That brightened the meadows glossy and fair,  
For the rustic joys out on the farm,  
For the fragrance that kisssd the soft, sweet air,  
For the songs the lark to me would sing,  
Thrilling the bosom with notes so wild,  
The brown bee buzzing upon the wing,  
Out on the farm, when but a child.

The truant feet the rose paths knew,  
Freedom's light swelled the soul;  
Down by the brooklet blue bells grew,  
And gay sunflowers with caps of gold;  
The summer day was one sweet song,  
Showers of joy's enraptured charm,  
And though the years were long, so long,  
They seemed but short upon the farm.

Oh, youthful joys, 'twere unchecked,  
Sweet aspiration still doth live,  
Thy cherished light to reflect,  
And early sports back to me give.  
I love thy wooded, tangled deep,  
The shadows half sunshade and shade,  
The mossy hillside's sloping steep,  
Out on the farm, where once I played.

I love thy curious, limpid light,  
Nature's foaming tankard filled;  
Ruby-throated blossoms, soft and white,  
And trailing vines o'er the window sill.  
The gales that courtesied to me there,  
Permeating my soul with stories wild,  
The sweet, fragrant, balmy air,  
Out on the farm, when but a child.

And when the busy day was o'er  
The crushed beams of noontide fell  
In a softness hazing the landscape o'er,  
The gay thrush warbled from out the dell.  
The gleams of twilight's last faint ray  
Lingered on the nightly still to charm,  
Catching up the echoes floating on the way  
That blessed the days out on the farm.



### Thankful

Though life is empty and void of cheer,  
Nothing good it seems to hold,  
A vacancy from everywhere,  
Massive clouds shutting out the gold,  
Shadows creeping o'er the rim,  
Breezes harsh come brushing by,  
A sweet voice wakes the silence grim,  
Whispering, "Thanks to Thee on high."

'Tis not in the fullness of life  
And its noontide overflow  
We are weak from toil and strife  
Or droop in care when joy's aglow.  
Fain would we forever dream  
And forget in life's glad day,  
Gazing only on the blissful scene,  
Forgetful to thank Thee and pray.

Oh, how dark! Yet 'tis best  
Those dull, weary hours step in,  
Their bitter chill to freeze thy rest  
And blur life's gold-belted rim.  
Let the heart throb, ache and feel  
That a thing of life it be,  
Offering up its meek appeal,  
Thankful, Lord on high, to Thee!





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